

# Puck

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## A SQUELCHER FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

HOW CAN SHE VOTE, WHEN THE FASHIONS ARE SO WIDE, AND THE VOTING BOOTHS ARE SO NARROW?



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING AN  
UNMANLY FAD.

THE "WOMAN-SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT" has an annual fit, and once every five or six years a sort of double-extra fit, when it thrashes around a good deal, contorts itself violently, and assumes various phases of hysteria; after which it subsides and is forgotten again until next time. We have just seen the crisis of one of the double-extra fits, with a new and interesting form of hysteria. The "movement" has had its turn at being a "society" fad. Pretty much everything in the "movement" line enjoys that brief but glorious distinction sooner or later. Sometimes it is slumming, sometimes it is Wagner's music, sometimes it is the higher culture of the mind, sometimes it is tiddledywinks — and the tiddledywinks movement generally has the longest term. The idle society-woman, ever on the hunt for some novelty, for something to occupy the fickle activities of her mind, pays the compliment of her gracious attention to anything that comes along with fair promise of even momentary interest and excitement. It does n't matter a little bit what the thing itself is. Her taste is catholic and — if we may use so coarse a word in speaking of so lovely a creature — omnivorous. The long-haired pianist, the Hindoo missionary, spiritualism, hand-reading, or, as we have before observed, tiddledywinks, all serve her turn, and all for the purpose which is frankly avowed only in the case of the tiddledywinks — her own amusement, pure and simple. She is a beautiful, useless and wholly delightful creature, and there is no reason in the world she should not be amused in any and every way she may take a fancy to — but woe to the object of amusement that thinks it has got a steady job with her!

The earnest-minded women with large noses who roam around the country talking up women-suffrage and dress-reform are her latest pets — or victims. She has "taken them up" — them and their divided skirts, their oil-cloth gripsacks, and their common-sense shoes. By the way, the main trouble with any attempt to broaden women's sphere and gives her a wider mission in life is that it induces her to wear large shoes and to abandon her corsets; and while that may be hygienic, it practically spoils the girl. Of course there is n't a red cent's-worth of real sympathy between the earnest-minded advocate in the trouserines and the spoilt child of fashion, and the earnest advocates will find it out if they attempt to obtrude their earnestness during the coaching-season. But for a few brief weeks "society" has taken it into its head to chatter about woman's suffrage and take sides for and against the "movement," and to divide up into fiercely hostile camps and make a great show of combat, which is about as serious and dangerous as hen-fights usually are.

Of course this is all right as far as the women are concerned. It hurts no one and helps no one. Naturally the earnest advocates may feel a little hurt when they find out that their society doll is stuffed with sawdust; but then they can take it out in denouncing, and that kind of a woman would rather denounce than eat; and as to the society ladies — why, let one real good sensation come up, let a peculiarly lively divorce suit throw a pink glare over the social sky; let the wild man from Borneo arrive suddenly in town; let anybody invent a new religion or a new way of pitching pennies, and, bless your soul! the society woman won't even remember which side of the woman's suffrage question she was on. But there is one mischievous side to the matter. It has stirred up some of our most virulent male reformers to add this to their collection of reform fads, and they deserve censure, and deserve it in good measure for the cowardice and unmanliness of their attitude.

Now, if America had produced nothing in the world but the American woman, it would still be entitled to credit above all the other nations of the earth. She is the best and finest thing in the way of womanhood that was ever devised; and, as a matter of fact, she generally "votes her husband," as the politicians say — that is to say, if he has any principle in his vote, it is likely to be a principle which pretty fairly indicates the standard of his wife's morality. As wife or as mother, the American woman — the kind

with corsets, not the kind with divided skirts — has furnished her masculine representative with most of his political and social ideals for many years; and men of sense generally are perfectly satisfied with the way she has carried out her contract. And every man who recognizes this truth ought to feel it his bounden duty to resent the cowardly attempt to throw on the woman's shoulders the burden of political duties which are heavy enough, heaven knows, for men to bear. The irresponsible futilist, whose idea of civic duty is to get up reform dinners and swear to destroy corruption in politics, and who habitually forgets to register — the kind of man who never knows whether he lives in the ninth congressional district or the ninety-ninth, and who would not know a primary from a Sunday-school picnic — that sort of man, such sort as it is, may think, in such sort of thinking as he can do, that it is a manly business to put pure, refined, delicate women into the struggle which good citizens are forever waging with vice, corruption, ignorance and brutality. But no man who has ever been in it for fair, with a heart in him, and a whole heart, will ever let a woman he respects or loves bear the brunt of that fight. And when a man, we mean a real man, thinks of the possibility of having to pit the woman he loves, as he himself is pitted, against the evil-living and evil-seeking of both sexes, and of letting the wanton's vote count with the wife's, it ought to fill him with a healthy desire to impress upon the mind of the male woman suffragist the fact that the man who wants to make women vote is just about as chivalric and courageous as the man who throws the care of bread-winning upon his wife. It is well enough for the society women to chatter over such questions. There is no earthly harm in it, but there is harm in tolerating talk among men of shifting men's burdens on women's shoulders, and of adding to the cares that God has laid upon His women.

AN OPINION.

PARKER. — What is your opinion of Brown's veracity?

BARKER. — Well, Brown could tell a sea serpent story without seriously affecting his reputation.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL SUGGESTION.

IF IRELAND and England  
Their fighting e'er should cease,  
And settle down to living  
On terms of blue-eyed peace,

The bird the most befitting,  
To show them peaceful wed,  
Would be the sleepy parrot  
Of feathers green and red.

R. K. Munkittrick.



"LOOKING BACKWARD."

JUSTICE OF SUPREME BENCH. — And what are the grounds on which you base your plea for a divorce?

MRS. HENPECK (counselor-at-law, pleading her own case). — Non-support, your Honor.

JUSTICE. — Have you any proof?

MRS. HENPECK. — Yes, your Honor; I have a whole raft of witnesses back here who will swear that he supported my political opponent, Alderwoman-elect Jones, all through the campaign, thus causing my defeat on election day.

JUSTICE. — I grant your claim, with alimony and costs.





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## HIS PURPOSE.

MRS. INNIT (*severely*).—Ethel, that young Mr. Spark's attentions to you are becoming quite noticeable. He comes here every night in the week excepting Saturday. Do you know his intentions?

ETHEL INNIT (*demurely*).—Yes; he said he intended coming Saturday night, too, after this week.

## THE MEADES AND THE ROBBINSES.



SUNDAY EVENIN'S, when I go—  
Well—er—any time—to see  
Janey,—like 's not her an' me,—  
Gabbin' over things, you know,  
Git to jekin' some, an' chaffin'  
'Bout the Robbinses—that 's us—  
An' the Meades. You can't help laffin',  
It's so plum ridiculous!

We 're the biggest, waxin'est  
Tribe, us Robbinses; way we 're spread!  
Pussley in a posy-bed  
Ain't no worse. The Meades, they 're jest  
'Bout the same. An' a Robbins, when he  
Wants to git spliced, feels the need—  
'Bout 'leven times out o' ten he  
Hustles round an' gits a Meade.

An' the Meades, they 're full as keen  
After us; there 's Cal Meade an'  
My Aunt Hat; an' Uncle Dan  
An' Lize Meade; you never seen  
No such pesky doin's. Landy!  
Seems as if the dodderin' gumps  
Ast the first one that come handy,  
Jest to save stirrin' their stumps.

Sunday nights, er odd times, when  
Janey an' me git makin' fun,  
Says she, why under the sun  
Don't they break loose now an' then?  
Says it 's fairly wearin' to her  
Seein' folks o' that same breed,—  
A hull town full—Janey who? Er—  
W'y, you know—er—Janey Meade.

Emma A. Oppen.



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THOUGH "in the midst of life we are in death," it is both possible and advisable to postpone the funeral.

THE ANTIQUARIAN is a student who makes a garret of his mind by storing it with all sorts of forgotten things.

## A DEMAGOGUE.

RAGGED HAGGARD (*who reads occasionally*).—Dere is a doctor in Chicago who recommends whiskey for de grip.

WEARY WALKER.—Wal, dat 's de boldest bid for de Presiden-y dat 's been made dis year!



By H. C. BUNNER.

VI.

## WHAT MRS. FORTESCUE DID.

RIGHT IN the rear of the First Congregational Church of 'Quawket, and cornerwise across the street, the Old Ladies' Home of Aquawket sits on the topmost of a series of velvety green terraces. It is a quiet street; the noisiest thing in it, or rather over it, is the bell in the church steeple, and that is as deep toned and mellow as all church bells ought to be and few church bells are. As to the Old Ladies' Home, itself, it looks like the veritable abode of peace. A great wistaria clammers over its dull brown stucco walls. Beds of old-fashioned flowers nod and sway in the chastened breezes on its two sunny sides, and thick clumps of lilacs and syringas shield it to the north and east. Dainty little dimity curtains flutter at the open windows all Summer long; and, whether it comes from the immaculately neat chambers of the old ladies, or from some of the old-fashioned flower beds, there is always, in warm weather, a faint smell of lavender floating down upon the breeze to the passer-by in the quiet street. You would never dream, to look at it, that the mad, inhuman, pitiless strife and fury of an Old Ladies' Home raged ceaselessly within those quiet walls.



Now suppose that every wasp in a certain wasp's nest had an individual theology of its own, totally different from the theology of any other wasp, and that each one personally conducted his theology in the real earnest calvinistic spirit — you would call that wasp's nest a pretty warm, lively, interesting domicile, would you not? Well, it would be a paradise of paralysis alongside of an Old Ladies' Home. If you want to get at the original compound tincture of envy, malice and all uncharitableness, go to a nice, respectable Old Ladies' Home with a list of "Lady Patronesses" as long as your arm, and get the genuine article in its most highly concentrated form.

There were eleven inmates of the Old Ladies' Home of Aquawket, besides the matron, the nurse, the cook, and a couple of "chore-girls." These two last led a sort of life that came very near to qualifying them for admission to the institution on a basis of premature old age. Of the real old ladies in the home, every one of the eleven had a bitter and undying grievance against at least one, and, possibly, against ten of her companions, and the only thing that held the ten oldest of the band together was the burning scorn and hatred which they all felt for the youngest of the flock, Mrs. Williametta Fortescue, who signed what few letters she wrote "Willie," and had been known to the world as "Billy" Fortescue when she sang in comic opera and wore pink tights.

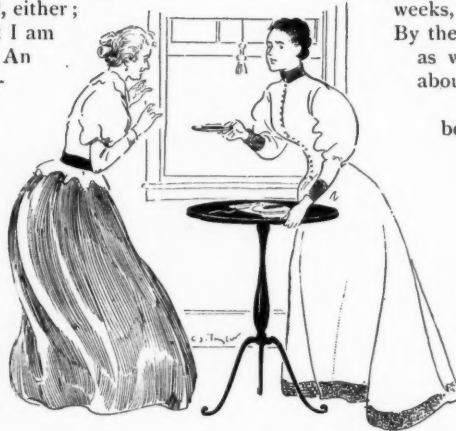
All the other old ladies said that Mrs. Fortescue was a daughter of Belial, a play actress, and no old lady, anyway. I know nothing about her ancestry — and I don't believe that she did, either; but as to the other two counts in the indictment I am afraid I must plead guilty for Mrs. Fortescue. An actress she was, to the tips of her fingers, an unconscious, involuntary, dyed-in-the-wool actress. She acted because she could not help it, not from any wish to deceive or mislead, but just because it came as natural to her as breathing. If you asked her to take a piece of pie, it was not enough for her to want the pie, and to tell you so, and to take the pie; she had to act out the whole dramatic business of the situation — her passion for pie, her eager craving and anxious expectation, her incredulous delight when she actually got the pie, and her tender, brooding, thankfulness and gratitude when she had got outside of the pie, and put it where it could n't be taken away from her. No; there was n't the least bit of humbug in it all. She did want the pie; but she wanted to act, too.

It was this characteristic of Mrs. Fortescue that got her into the Old Ladies' Home on false pretenses; for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Fortescue was only an old lady by courtesy. She had beautiful white hair; but she had had beautiful white hair ever since she was twenty years old. Before she had

reached that age she had had red hair, black hair, brown hair, golden hair and hair of half-a-dozen intermediate shades. Either the hair or the hair dye finally got tired, and Mrs. Fortescue's head became white — that is, when she gave it a chance to be its natural self. That, however, was not often; and, at last, there came a day when, as her manager coarsely expressed it, "she monkeyed with her fur one time too many." For ten years she had been the leading lady in a small traveling opera company, where tireless industry and a willingness to wait for salary were accepted as substitutes for extreme youth and commanding talent. Ten years is a long time, especially when it is neither the first nor the second, and, possibly, not the third ten years of an actress's professional career; and when Mrs. Fortescue asked for a contract for three years more, her manager told her that he was not in the business for his health, and that while he regarded her as one of the most elegant ladies he had ever met in his life, her face was not made of India rubber; and, furthermore, that the public was just about ready for the Spring styles in leading ladies. This did not hurt Mrs. Fortescue's feelings, for the leading juvenile had long been in the habit of calling her "Mommer, dear," whenever they had to rehearse impassioned love scenes. But it did put her on her mettle, and she tried a new hair dye, just to show what she could do. The result was a case of lead poisoning, that laid her up in a dirty little second-class hotel, in a back street of 'Quawket for three months of suffering and helplessness. The company went its way and left her, and went to pieces in the end. The greater part of her poor savings went for the expenses of her sickness. At last, when the critical period was over, her doctor got some charitably-disposed ladies and gentlemen interested in her case; and, between the n all, they procured admission to the Old Ladies' Home for a poor, white-haired, half-palsied wreck of a woman, who not only was decrepit before her time, but who acted decrepitude so successfully that nobody thought of asking her if she were less than eighty years old. I do not mean to say that Mrs. Fortescue willfully deceived her benefactors: she was old — old-ish, anyway — she was helpless, partially paralyzed, and her system was permeated with lead; but when she came to add to this the correct dramatic outfit of expression, she was so old, and so sick, and so utterly miserable and stricken and done for that the hearts of the managers of the Old Ladies' Home were opened, and they took her in at half the usual entrance fee; because, as the matron very thoughtfully remarked, she could n't possibly live six weeks, and it was just so much clear gain for the institution.



By the end of six weeks, however, Mrs. Fortescue was just as well as she had ever been in her life, and was acting about twice as healthy as she felt. With her trim figure, her elastic step, and her beautiful white hair setting off her rosy cheeks — and Mrs. Fortescue knew how to have rosy cheeks whenever she wanted them — she certainly was an incongruous figure in an Old Ladies' Home, and it was no wonder that her presence made the genuine old ladies genuinely mad. And every day of her stay they got madder and madder; for by the constitution of the Home, an inmate might, if dissatisfied with her surroundings, after a two-years' stay, withdraw from the institution, taking her entrance fee with her. And that was why Mrs. Fortescue staid on in the Old Ladies' Home, snubbed, sneered at, totally indifferent to it all, eating three square meals a day, and checking off the dull but health-giving weeks that brought her nearer to freedom, and the comfortable little nest-egg with which she meant to begin life again.



And yet the time came when Mrs. Fortescue's histrionic capacity won for her, if not a friend, at least an ally, out of the snarling sisterhood; and



## FIRST-CLASS TRAVELING.



MAJOR LUSHLY.—I've never been abroad; but I'm going this Summer. What are the rates?

TICKET AGENT.—That depends. You can go in the second cabin for seventy-five dollars, or take a saloon passage for one hundred. Which will you take?

MAJOR LUSHLY.—Why, the saloon, of course, if it was two hundred!

## A NUCLEUS.

MANAGER.—Yes; we're going to bring out a new farce-comedy next season.

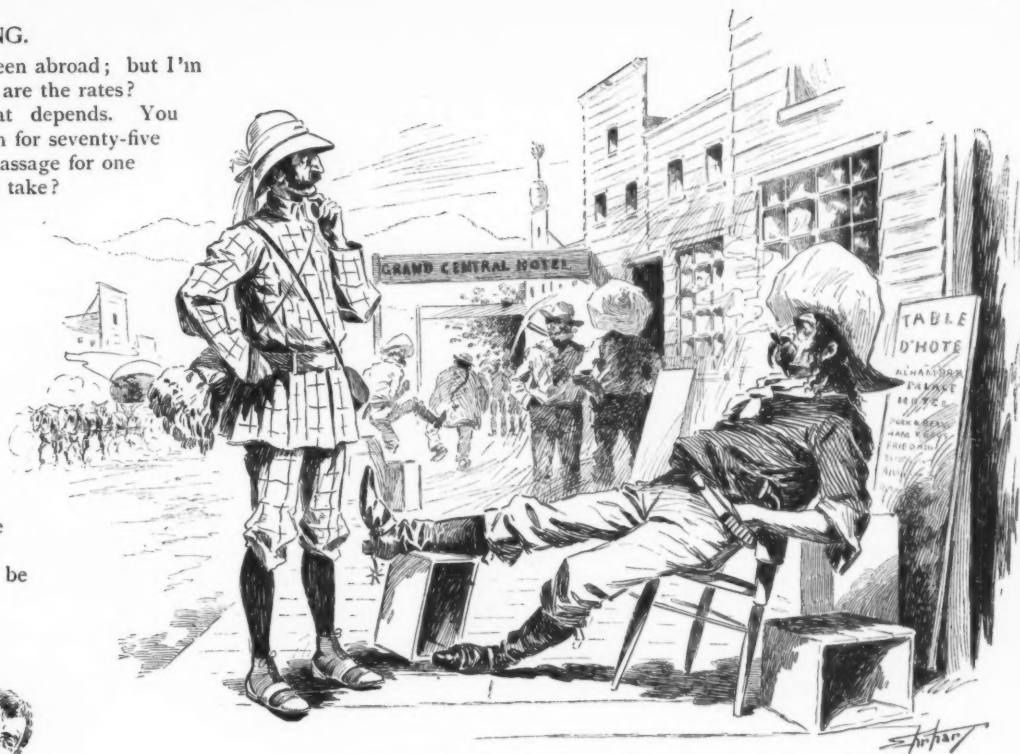
FRIEND.—What is the idea?

MANAGER.—We have n't got as far as that yet, but our leading man has hit on a dandy make-up.

## PLEASE SEND SAMPLES.

BROWN.—That bullet-proof cloth they have invented in Germany must be a great thing.

MRS. BROWN.—I wonder if it could n't be used for little boys' trousers?



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## VARIABLE CLIMATE.

TOURIST (*in Oklahoma*).—Is n't the climate in this region somewhat variable? I am going to a neighboring settlement this afternoon, and think that perhaps I ought to provide against any sudden change in the weather.

ALKALI IKE.—Oh, you'll be all right if you take an overcoat, a fan, a compass, bottle of lick, box of matches, provisions for two days, and put some leaves in your hat to prevent sunstroke! 'T would n't be a bad idea, though, while you are at it, to take out a life insurance policy before you start, and carry along a prayer-book, an identification-card and a rabbit's foot.

MRS. WAYUP.—Society is awfully dull these days.

MRS. GAYLY (*yawning*).—Yes. I guess it must be on account of the hard times. No one is rich enough to do anything really wicked.

SOME MEN would rather be right than be President; but there are others who are not so blooming particular.

MAN WANTS but little here below,  
On this terrestrial ball;  
For with the universe compared  
The earth is really small.



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## A TRICKY MASCOT.

SAYSIT.—What's the matter, old man? Lost anything?

HADDIT.—Yes; a ten-dollar gold piece. My lucky cent wore a hole in my pocket.

## LABOR.

MRS. KINGLEY.—Miss Twilling came this afternoon and brought her work with her.

MRS. BINGO.—Indeed! What was it?

MRS. KINGLEY.—A banjo.

## VERY DESIRABLE.

ADA.—How does this sound to put in the paper? "A lady wants to sell her favorite horse to kindly gentleman, young, sound, and not afraid."

KITTY.—Why, that's exactly the kind of a man I'd like to marry!

## IN HARLEM.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—There is n't room to swing a cat in these rooms.

AGENT.—Madam, we could not permit such a thing in the house!



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## A PEDIGREE TRACED.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—*Pope*. He must have been a relation of the one who now makes bicycles.



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## MISTAKEN PHILANTHROPY.

KIND OLD LADY (*in admiration*).—What a noble lad you are to rescue that poor animal from those cruel boys!

LUMSEY, THE KID.—Does ye t'ink I'm goin' to let dem geezers chase away der only stray dog dere 's bin on der block fer a week, an' der bull-dog at Casey's coal-yard jist sp'ilin' fer a scrap?

## AN APPLICABLE QUOTATION.

COLONEL HOOKS (*the enterprising real-estate agent*).—I am aware, Mr. Pensmith, that the *Clarion* is always keenly alive to anything that pertains to the advancement of our thriving little city. Now, I have platted my Fairview Addition into town lots and know that I can depend upon you to boom it through your columns. It will be of incalculable value to the city to have such a—

EDITOR HAWVILLE CLARION (*calmly*).—Colonel, are you familiar with the Scriptural account of the meeting of our Savior and Zaccheus, the publican? You remember that Zaccheus was up in a tree at the time?

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, you will also be up a tree if the *Clarion* does not boom your scheme. But, that is not the point just now. Do you recall what Our Savior first said to Zaccheus?"

"Yes," he said,

"Zaccheus, come down." But, what—

"Exactly! Well, Colonel, if you have any need of the *Clarion's* services, you will have to imitate the example of Zaccheus and come, down."

## EXPLAINED.

CLANCY.—"George Washington!" Begorra, if he was thot soize, I don't wonder they called him the father of his country!

A GAME BIRD—The Shuttlecock.

A WAR DANCE—The Lancers.

## IN MAINE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—That will be a great lecture of the Rev. Dr. Coldwater at the Opera House to-morrow night.

SECOND CITIZEN.—On what subject?

FIRST CITIZEN.—"The Drug Store in Politics."

## EXPECTING A RAISE.

I gets fo' dollahs ev'ry month  
Do' I hain't bin paid in ages;  
But dis mawning ole Miss' sed she 'd try  
To raise pah't of my wages.

## INTERESTED.

ADA.—I have begun to read the latest novel.

IDA.—How does it end?

## AN ADDITIONAL INDUCEMENT.

SWINDLEBAUM.—Mein friendt, doze pantz fits you like der skin on a pullony-sausage!

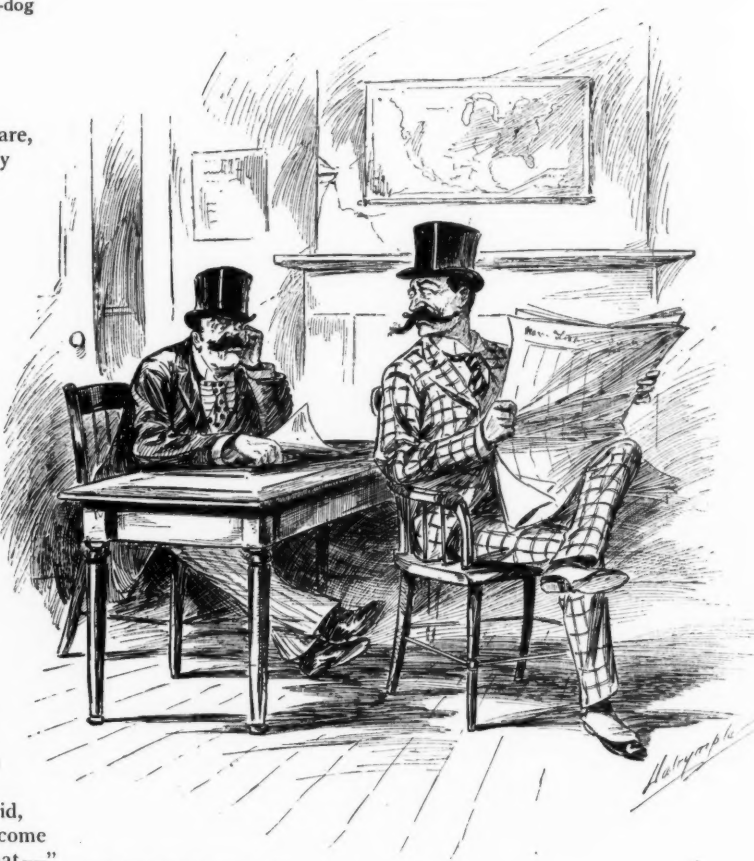
JAY GREEN.—Naw, they don't! They are so long in the legs that I have to draw 'em up so far I feel as if I was ridin' on a rail.

SWINDLEBAUM (*rapturously*).—Dot 's it! Dot 's it! You gits all der bleasure oaf ridin' a picycle mit none oaf der expense!

THE MONOCLE may be termed the show-window of the soul.



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## FATE KEPT THEM APART.

FIRST BUNCO MAN.—It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that.

SECOND BUNCO MAN.—What is it?

FIRST BUNCO MAN.—"A guest at the Hotel Tapioca was found suffocated yesterday morning. He had blown out the gas."

FIRST ACTRESS.—The papers published columns about my divorce trial.

SECOND ACTRESS.—Pooh! They said the evidence in mine was unfit to print.

IT MAY also be said that homeliness is only skin-deep.



A SURE SIGN OF POVERTY.



KIPJACK. — I wonder how Blenkinsop came to lose his money. I always thought he was wealthy.  
FLIMFLAM. — Well, is n't he?  
SKIPJACK. — Evidently not. He was saying yesterday that he had come to the conclusion that New York was about the pleasantest place to pass the Summer in.

WHENEVER A man makes a good guess, he begins to talk about his good judgement.

A LABOR-MEETING, son, is when a number of idlers come together and discuss how to get even with the real workers.

HER GLANCE roams shyly toward me,  
My heart is in my throat;  
Alas! 't is the hat beyond me  
Of which she taketh note.



TIT FOR TAT.

MRS. SKINNIM. — Your milk is half water. You need n't leave any after this morning.  
MILKMAN. — Shall I leave the bill regularly every morning, as usual?

NOT WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

WING. — Well, what do you think of the attack of the Democratic Senators on Protection?  
KING. — It would be a great deal more interesting if the contestants would not insist on using soft gloves.



WITHOUT DOUBT.

VAN PELT. — What would happen if an Irishman should be elected Pope?  
O'TOOLE. — All the cardinals would become emeralds, begob!

AT THE PRIMARY.

"He is a practical politician."  
"How much did he steal?"

A COMPARISON.

BOGGS. — At last Croker has got out.  
FOGGS. — Some can get out and some can't; look at McKane.



"LIVES OF GREAT MEN."

TOM BIGBEE. — I believe the president of this road, when he was a boy, sold candy on the trains.  
UNCLE OATCAKE. — You don't say so! They do charge like thunder for the candy; but I hardly thought there was so much money in the business as that!

CITIZENSHIP DEFINED.

WARD WORKER. — Me cousin 's just landed an' wants a job. Can't yez git him a place on the Driveway wor-ruk?  
WARD BOSS. — Don't ye know the law says an alien can't be employed on public works?  
WARD WORKER. — Alien, is it? He 's no alien! Did n't I just tell yez he 's me cousin?



DOUBT.

THE FIANCEE. — George, are you sure that you have always treated your mother as you should?  
THE FIANCE. — Why, I think so! What makes you ask such a question?  
THE FIANCEE. — Because she seems to think I am good enough for you.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

AFTER THE HOLD-UP  
"Gee Whiz! And it's a wonder they left"





for a few brief months there was just one old woman out of the lot who was decently civil to her, and who even showed rudimentary systems of polite intentions.



This old woman was Mrs. Filley, and this was the manner of her modification.

One pleasant Spring day, a portly gentleman of powerful frame, with ruddy cheeks and short steel-gray hair—a man whose sturdy physique hardly suited with his absent-minded, unbusiness-like expression of countenance—ascended the terraces in front of the Old Ladies' Home. His brows were knit; he looked upon the ground as he walked, and he did not in the least notice the eleven old

ladies, the matron, the nurse, the cook and the two "chore-girls" who were watching his every step with profound interest.

Mrs. Fortescue was watching the gentleman with interest, because she thought that he was a singularly fine-looking and well-preserved man, as indeed he was. All the other inmates of the Home were watching him with interest because he was Mr. Josiah Heatherington Filley, the millionaire architect, civil engineer and contractor. Their interest, however, was not excited by Mr. Filley's fame as a designer of mighty bridges, of sky-scraping office buildings, and of other triumphs of mechanical skill; they looked on him with awe and rapture simply because he was the richest man in 'Quawket, or, more properly speaking, in 'Quawket Township; for Mr. Filley lived in the old manor-house of the Filley family, a couple of miles out of town.

You might think that with a millionaire Mr. Filley coming up the steps, the heart of indigent Mrs. Filley in the Old Ladies' Home might beat high with expectation; but, as a matter of fact, it did not. In Connecticut and New Jersey family names mean no more than the name of breeds of poultry—like Plymouth Rocks or Wyandottes. All Palmers are kin, so are all Vreelands, and the Smiths of Peapack are of one stock. But so are all speckled hens, and kinship may mean no more in one case than it does in the other. In colonial times, Filleys had abounded in 'Quawket. But to Mrs. Filley of the Home the visit of Mr. Filley of the Manor House was as the visit of a stranger, and very much surprised, indeed, was she when the great man asked to see her.

In spite of his absent-minded expression, Mr. Filley proved to be both direct and business-like. He explained his errand briefly and clearly.

Mr. Filley was a bachelor, and the last of his branch of the family. His only surviving relative was a half-brother by his mother's first marriage, who had lived a wandering and worthless life, and who had died in

the West a widower, leaving one child, a girl of nine, in a Massachusetts boarding-school. This child he had bequeathed to the loving care and attention of his brother-in-law. It is perfectly wonderful how men of that particular sort, who never can get ten dollars ahead of the world, will pick up a tremendous responsibility of that sort, and throw it around just as if it were a half-pound dumb-bell. They don't seem to mind it at all; it does not weigh upon their spirits; they will pass over a growing child to anybody who happens to be handy, to be taken care of for life, just as easily as you would hand a towel over to the next man at the wash-basin, as soon as you are done with it. Mr. Filley's half-brother may have died easily, and probably did, but he could not possibly have made such a simple job of it as he did of turning over Etta Adelina, his daughter, to the care of the half-brother whom he hardly knew well enough to borrow money from oftener than once a year.

Now, Mr. Josiah Filley had promised his mother on her death-bed that he would assume a certain sort of responsibility for the consequences of the perfectly legitimate but highly injudicious matrimonial excursion of her early youth, and so he accepted the guardianship of Etta Adelina. But he was not, as the worldly phrase it, "too easy." He was a profound scientific student, and a man whose mind was wrapt up in his profession, but he did not propose to make a parade-ground of himself for everybody who might feel inclined to walk over him. He had no intention of taking the care of a nine-year-old infant upon himself, and the happy idea had come to him of hunting up the last feminine bearer of his name in the 'Quawket Old Ladies' Home, and hiring her for a liberal cash payment to represent him as a quarterly visitor to the school where the young one was confined.

"I don't suppose," he said, "there is any actual relationship between us—"

"There ain't none," interrupted Mrs. Filley;

"leastwise there ain't been none since your father got money enough to send you to college."

Mr. Filley smiled indulgently.

"Well," he suggested, "suppose we re-establish relationship as cousins. All you have to do for some years to come is to visit the Tophill Institute once in three months, satisfy yourself that the child is properly taken care of and educated, and kindly treated, and to make a full and complete report to me in writing. If anything is wrong, let me know. I shall examine your reports carefully. Whether it is favorable or unfavorable, if I am satisfied that it is correct and faithful, I will send you my check for fifty dollars. Is it a bargain?"

It was a bargain, but poor old Mrs. Filley stipulated for a payment in cash instead of by check. She had once in her life been caught on a worthless note, and she never had got the distinction between notes and checks clear in her mind. As to Mr. Josiah Filley, he was not wholly satisfied with the representative of his family, so far as grammar and manners were concerned; but he saw with his scholar's eye that looked so absent-minded and took in so much, that the old lady was both shrewd and kindly-natured, and he felt sure that Etta Adelina would be safe in her hands.

(Concluded in our next.)



#### LOOKING AHEAD.



THIS is no time for dreaming;  
For reveries vague and sweet;  
For coy disdain and seeming  
Distract whenever we meet.

Youth is the time for kisses;  
Love is the right of youth,  
And woe to the girl who misses  
This great and glorious truth.

Age steals on us; youth can't last;  
Unnourished love grows cold.  
Come, let us make a "happy past,"  
To dream of when we are old.

Harry Romaine.

WHEN A MAN is beside himself he should not place much dependence on his companion.

TALENT is the ability to make use of the results of some one else's genius.

#### THE REASON.

"Why do you keep sighing all the time?" asked the capital X of the little round dumpling of the letter o.

"I suppose it's because I'm in love," was the bashful acknowledgement.

YOUNG DOCTOR.—  
Have a cigar?

PARTY INVITED (suspiciously).—How's business?



"THE SUBURBAN RACE."



# FROM THE "HAWVILLE CLARION."

"Protection vs. Tariff Reform" was the subject of the debate at the regular session of the Literary Society, last Friday night. There was a large attendance, and a pleasant time was had by all present, except a young squirt from the East who said that Abraham Lincoln was one of the earliest champions of Reform, in that he advocated free wool. This smart young man was deservedly pitched out. We respectfully suggest that an excellent subject for an early debate would be: "Resolved, That the Washington Hand Press has slain more able editors than war, pestilence, famine, rum and the unloaded shotgun." We believe that if we were to be chosen on the affirmative side of the debate, the opposition would find us an invincible opponent. To quote from the Scripture, we would speak "as one having authority and not as the scribes."



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## MORE EASILY DONE.

SHE.—This dress does n't become my complexion — I must change it.  
HE.—More expense? I can't stand it; you'll ruin me!  
SHE.—You silly! I don't mean the dress — I mean the complexion.

THE CHILD who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth often takes so much of the sweets of life that he dies with gold in his teeth.

ONE SWALLOW does not make a Summer drink.

ALL GENIUSES are egotists. It's a pity the rule does n't work both ways.

THE JUNIPER flower is the real gin blossom.

IF YOU will look at the records you will discover that most men who die young are hustlers.



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## A MINISTER'S MISTAKE.

MRS. BINGO.—You must take that parrot away. Why, when the minister was here it swore like a pirate!  
BINGO.—Ha! ha! What did the minister say?  
MRS. BINGO.—Oh, he did n't know it was the parrot. He said, "I hear Mr. Bingo; why does n't he come in and see me?"

HOTEL TRAYMORE,  
Atlantic City, N. J.  
Leading all the year Resort.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou"—Bromo-Seltzer.



K. Reader, Esq.—Dear Sir:

You are hereby informed that PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Eleventh Crop, has been out for some time; and that what is left of the Edition is better than the ten previous Crops put together, which is a very large say to say.

You are also informed that "MUGS," No. 84, of PUCK's LIBRARY, is out, and that it offers a fund of humor unparalleled in the chronicles of giddy fashion.

The price of PICKINGS FROM PUCK is 25 cents; of MUGS 10 cents; or you can have them both together at the unprecedented reduction of 35 cents.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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COXEY'S ARMY wants to join the Delaware peach crop. They both appear to be failures, this year.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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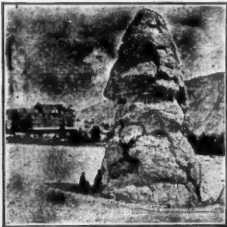
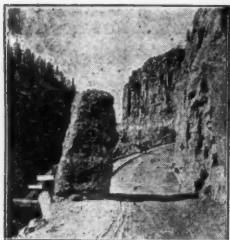
will send you a list of new and second-hand Bicycles, showing a saving of from \$20.00 to \$50.00, or for 10 cents they will send you a Candy Bicycle Transparency, good to eat but better to hang in your window.



SAVED!

CHOLLY.—Heavens, me boy, I cawn't go to the weception. Me stupid man has bwoken me monocle.  
CHAPPY.—Do not despair, Cholly, deah boy. I'll lend you my watch crystal.

Northern Pacific Railroad.



Liberty Cap and Golden Gate

in Yellowstone Park.

SHOWN here, in miniature, are two of the interesting sights of the **WONDERLAND OF AMERICA.**

If you have never been there let us tell you something about the Park. Send me six cents in stamps and I will send "INDIANLAND AND WONDERLAND," our 1894 Booklet, and our new Park map and folder to enlighten you.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

IT is n't the dish-washing a girl dislikes so much as the thought that she is hiding her talents away from the world.—*Atchison Globe.*

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THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.

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WHEN a woman puts on a nice apron around the house to save her dress, she puts on another apron on top of that to save the nice apron.—*Atchison Globe.*

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FACE  
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FACE  
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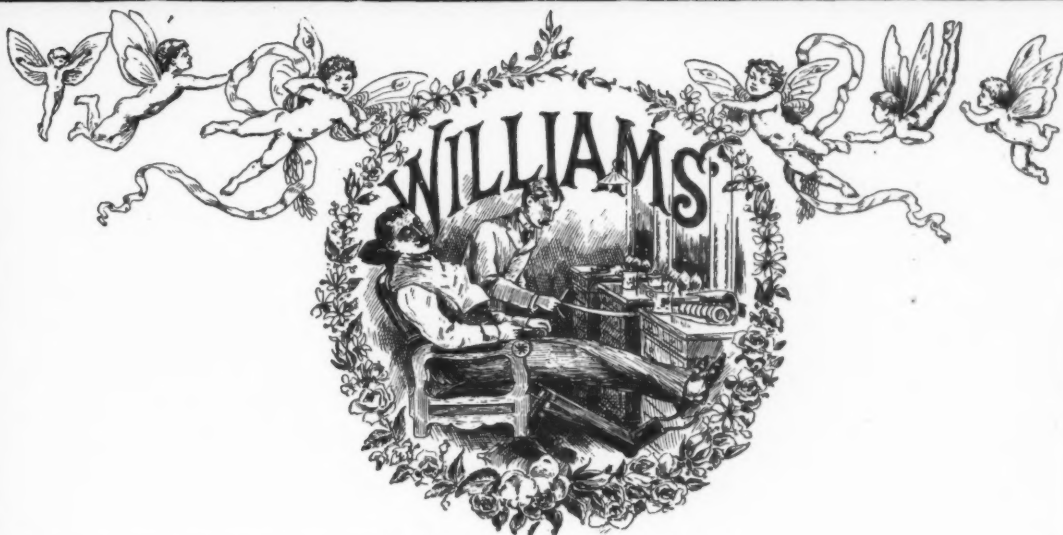
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Great caution should be exercised at this season in the matter of

## SHAVING SOAP.

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The scorching sun cuts and lays open the sensitive cuticle of the face.

### THE DOOR IS OPEN.!!

It lies with you—either to *close* it—by applying the soft, healing—creamy lather—produced from the famous

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to admit the myriads of disease germs that so abound in common toilet and shaving soaps sometimes sold by unscrupulous dealers—and used by careless people because of fancied "cheapness."

Hundreds of cases of Barber's itch—psoriasis—and Scrofulous Sores—are annually traced to certain "cheap" soap factories and to Barber Shops, where, through carelessness—or because of the "a little cheaper" argument, soaps are used that fairly reek with disease germs and with properties that will make the toughest skin tender, and repulsive with disgusting sores.

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### INJUSTICE.

MR. RICHIELLO.—What a peachy complexion Miss Beauty has!

RIVAL BELLE.—You do her injustice, really, Mr. Richiello. Her face is n't so very fuzzy—except on her upper lip.—*New York Weekly.*

THERE are not as many people in the world as there are heroes in the novels.—*Atchison Globe.*

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### THE STYLE THIS YEAR.

MRS. BROWNE.—I wonder what kind of bonnets will be worn this Spring?

BROWNE.—Last year's, my dear.—*Truth.*

Before using any remedy against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also colic, try BOKER'S BITTERS, the oldest and best known specific.

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There are many points of interest about a Warwick Bicycle. It is strong and durable. In appearance and in fact it is the very suggestion of bicycle gracefulness. Its mechanical "make-up" necessitates this.

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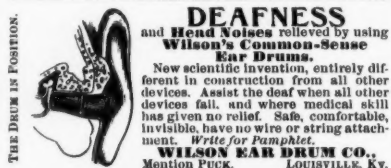


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P. S.—Some makers are like the man who drank mulage by mistake—they are stuck up. Warwicks are the fulfilled suggestions of the best riders. Do you want anything better?

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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by Puck's Invisible Tubular Ear Closures. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold  
Only by F. Hancox, 858 Broadway, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

### A NEW GAME.

JERSEY BOY (loudly).—Hurry up, Jim, and call him a thief before he calls you one.

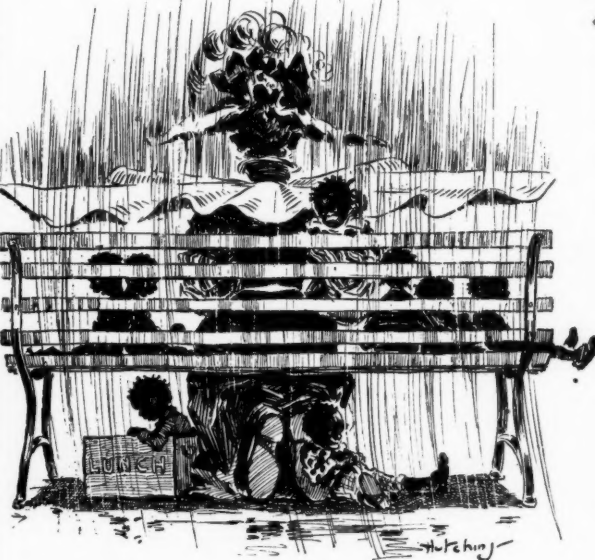
SHOCKED MOTHER.—Johnny, Johnny! What are you boys doing out there?

JOHNNY.—We are playing legislature.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

### A FRIGHTENED BRIDE.

BRIDESMAID.—You poor, frightened darling. You looked scared to death at the altar.

BRIDE.—Yes; George trembled so I was dreadfully afraid he'd lose courage and run away.—*N. Y. Weekly.*



### A RAINY SATURDAY IN THE PARK.

MRS. MOKEY-COON (colored).—Hit's all bery well fo' mah ol' man teh call me a slabe ob fashion, but yoh chillin' 'd all 'a' got drinched to yoh skins ef 't had n' 'a' been fo' ma new suit.

THE Indians always sing before a fight. So do the opera singers.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MOTHERS get scared so easily that doctors make considerable money.—*Atchison Globe.*

## Duminy Champagne.

Vin Brut, vintage 1889.

Extra Qualité Sec, vintage 1884.

ANTHONY OECHS, 51 Warren St.,

SOLE AGENT FOR U. S.

SOME men seem to have been made out of dust that had gravel in it.—*Ram's Horn.*

It is rain or shine with the bootblack.—*Texas Siftings.*

### THE WATER SUPPLY IN DANGER.

INDIGNANT GUEST.—Waiter, I have drank five glasses of water waiting for that breakfast. When am I going to get it?

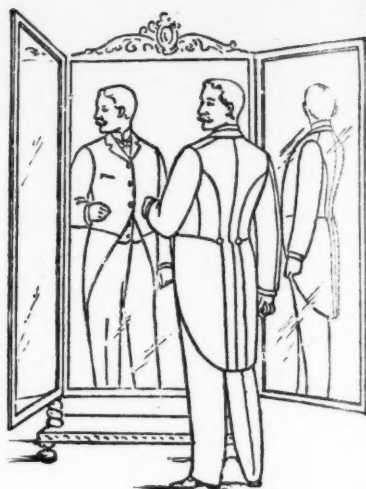
WAITER.—In about four glasses more.—*Texas Siftings.*

### STILL A SUBSCRIBER.

OLD FRIEND.—You have made a mortal foe of Colonel Kaintuck.

WESTERN EDITOR.—Eh? Wha—do you mean it?

"He threatens to shoot you on sight." "Oh, is that all? I was afraid he was going to stop his paper."—*New York Weekly.*



### REFLECTION.

IF YOU WILL REFLECT FOR A MOMENT WE WILL EXPLAIN A FEW POINTS WHICH ARE INTERESTING AND AT THE SAME TIME SAVE YOU MONEY.

IS IT NOT CLEAR IN YOUR MIND THAT A HOUSE WITH A STOCK OF THREE THOUSAND PIECES OF WOOLLENS, SPONGED AND READY FOR THE SHEARS, CAN FIT AND PLEASE YOU BETTER THAN READY-MADE CLOTHIERS?

CAN WE MAKE A GARMENT FOR YOU? STYLE, TRIMMINGS AND WORKMANSHIP MUST BE SATISFACTORY OR NO EXPENSE WHATEVER.

### SPECIAL HISTORICAL SALE.

IN BUSINESS HISTORY WOOLLENS HAVE NEVER BEEN SO LOW.

THEREFORE WE CAN OFFER A SPECIAL LINE OF BRISTOLS, GLOBES, JESSEY EDDY'S AND LIVINGSTON'S WORSTEDS, CHEVIOTS AND SERGES, IN ALL COLORINGS AND MIXTURES.

SUIT (TO ORDER) \$16  
TROUSERS (TO ORDER) \$4

THESE GOODS ARE OF THE HIGHEST STANDARD, GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS FOR COLORS, STRENGTH AND PERMANENT FINISH.

OUR CUTTERS ARE POSITIVELY THE BEST. GARMENTS ARE FITTED TO YOU AS YOU LIKE THEM, AND READY TO WEAR IN 24 HOURS IF REQUIRED.

WE GIVE A WRITTEN GUARANTEE, BINDING OURSELVES TO KEEP SAME IN REPAIR ONE YEAR. NO CHARGE.

SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, MEASURING GUIDE, CHEERFULLY GIVEN OR MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.

ARNHEIM  
BROADWAY AND 9TH ST.,  
BOWERY AND SPRING ST.,  
NEW YORK.

A COAT of paint has no buttons on it.—*Texas Siftings.*

C. H. Evans & Sons'  
Ales and Stout,

at the

Midwinter Fair,

San Francisco.

The leading brand

in all first-class

Restaurants and

Cafés.

Two Awards

World's Fair.

Pacific Coast Agents,  
Sherwood & Sherwood.





For **Baby's Skin Scalp and Hair** use **CUTICURA SOAP** the purest sweetest and most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world

Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Props., Boston.



## VICTOR SASH!



IT IS CORRECT. Opens in front with Patent Perforated Buttons, has pockets and buttonhole for watch-chain. A practical Summer vest.

Black Cashmeres	each, \$1.00
Black and Navy Wool Serge	1.50
Black and Navy Satin Silk	2.00
Fancy Vesting (Black, with Blue Silk Dots)	3.00

Sent by mail if you can not get them in your town.  
In ordering, give waist measure.

HEWES & POTTER, 42 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

## Victors Lead.



The finest in the world. Have the most up-to-date improvements and conveniences. Nothing by halves. Get our '94 catalog telling all about Victor superiority.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.  
BOSTON. PHILADELPHIA. DETROIT.  
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. DENVER.  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**QrU FAT FOLKS.** Great reduction, safe and lasting results guaranteed; advice free. PROF. X. DIX, New York City.

THERE is not much difference between a devil and a bad man educated.—*Ram's Horn.*

**EAU DE Cologne REGINA**  
GELLÉ FRÈRES  
6, Avenue de l'Opéra, 6  
PARIS



For sale at Park & Tilford's and all Leading Houses.

## SPRING IN THE CITY.

MRS. BRICKCROW.—This is a genuine Spring day.  
MRS. FIFTHFLOOR.—I have been as happy as a bird all morning. The hand-organ at the corner has a new repertoire, my window plants are beginning to bloom, and my husband has brought me all the new seed catalogues to read.—*New York Weekly.*

## NECESSARY PANTOMIME.

BRIDGET.—D'ye mind th' way thim Oytalians motions wid their hands an' 'arrums an' heads an' bodies whin they talks?

PATRICK.—Begorra, how ilse could they undrshand phat aich other do be chatterin' about?—*N.Y. Weekly.*

**KEEP IT COOL**



## And it will Keep You Cool

Drink it when you are thirsty; when you are tired; when you are overheated. Whenever you feel that a health-giving temperance drink will do you good, drink

## HIRES' Rootbeer

A 25c. pkg. makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Send 3c. stamp for beautiful picture cards and book. The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.

## A FAMILIAR GAME.

LITTLE DOT.—Let us play keep house.  
LITTLE ETHEL.—All wight! You petend you are a— a lady and I am callin' on you.  
LITTLE DOT.—That 'll be fun. Now sit down and ask me how I like my new girl.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

## HIS DIAGNOSIS.

SHE.—I have got four new wrinkles in my face since I married you.

HE.—Too bad! I presume it comes from worrying over milliners' bills which I can't pay.—*N.Y. Weekly.*

Travelers' headaches quickly cured by Bromo-Seltzer. Sold on trains by Union News Co.

**VINO DE SALUD**  
(WINE OF HEALTH.) BOTTLED IN SPAIN.  
Best of all Tonic Wines. A preparation of finest Malaga Wine and Herbs from a recipe of the old Moors of Granada.

IMPORTED BY ROCHE & CO., 503 5th Ave. & 120 B.Way, New York.

## SUNDAY.

Whether the day be bright or not,  
Whether it rains or hails or snows,  
The hired girls all over the land  
Will still rejoice in their Sunday clothes.

## One of the Greatest Experts.

All readers of first-class periodicals are familiar with the unique and attractive advertising through which Mr. George H. Powell (30 Hebron St., Springfield, Mass.) has made the Victor Bicycle known the world over. He is not only one of the greatest experts in the writing of advertisements, but has a most astute judgement of mediums. His words reproduced carry, therefore, a weight which would attach to the expressions of but few men.—*Public Opinion, Washington, D.C.*



**Miss Maria Parloa**  
Strongly Recommends the use of  
**Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef**  
and she has written a neat  
**COOK BOOK,**  
which will be sent free on application to Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

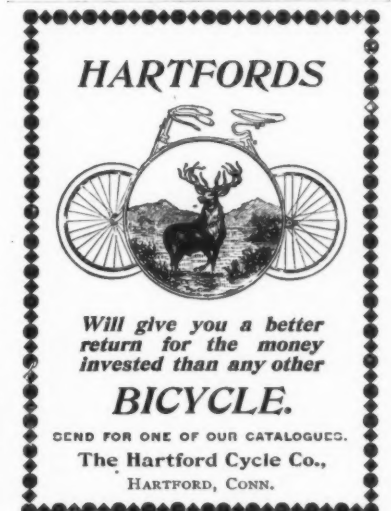
**FREE** A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you five Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address **THE NATIONAL MFG & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**



All persons suffering from stomach troubles should try **BOKER'S BITTERS.** Renowned specific since 1828.

JUST about the time a man learns to dance, his desire for dancing is gone.—*Atchison Globe.*

**HARTFORDS**



Will give you a better return for the money invested than any other **BICYCLE.**  
SEND FOR ONE OF OUR CATALOGUES.  
**The Hartford Cycle Co., HARTFORD, CONN.**

**KNEW THE BROTHER.**  
STRUGGLING PASTOR.—Brother Skinfint intends to give our new chapel a beautiful memorial window.  
WIFE.—He probably wants something to look at when the contribution-box goes around.—*New York Weekly.*  
THE women are so used to having their own way it is doubtful if they would take instructions from a convention, as delegates.—*Atchison Globe.*

**CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.**



**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**  
America's Favorite **TEN-CENT CIGAR.** For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.  
"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency"—World's Columbian Exposition, 1893

**Transparent Film For KODAKS**  
Uniform Success has been the result in the use of our film since we inaugurated our system, nearly one year ago, of dating each package. The wrapper on each roll now bears the date beyond which the film ought not to be used without testing. Customers are thus insured against old film when purchasing. Our Film does not tear or frill, is free from bubbles and retains its sensitiveness as well as glass plates.  
**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**  
Kodaks Rochester, N. Y.  
\$6.00 to \$100. Send for Catalogue.



## A Beautiful Book for 4 Cents.

## Illustrated Catalogue

OF THE

## "Four Track Series"

New York Central Books and Etchings

Will be sent to any address, free, post-paid, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by **GEORGE H. DANIELS**, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

## NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL SCENIC LINE

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

PACIFIC COAST TOURISTS SHOULD NOT FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS ROUTE

**CANDY**  
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St. Chicago.**

**Wheeling companionship** makes doubly beneficial the healthful exercise of bicycle riding. Mounted on **TRUSTY RAMBLERS** there is an added sense of security. "EVERY RAMBLER IS GUARANTEED." HIGHEST GRADE MADE.  
Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps. **GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.** Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.



WHEN MOTHER 'S COOKIN' FER COMPANY.

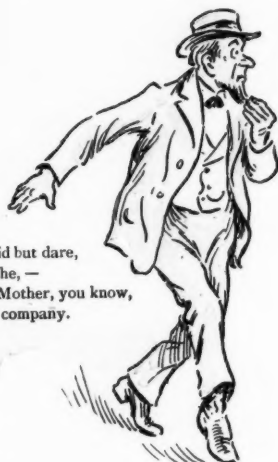


I.  
WHEN MOTHER 's cookin' fer company,  
We got to keep out of the way ;  
If we even peek in the kitchen door  
She 's sure to turn an' say :  
" Don't come botherin' now, you boys ;  
Have n't you eyes to see ?  
I can't have young ones under my feet  
When I 'm cookin' fer company ! "

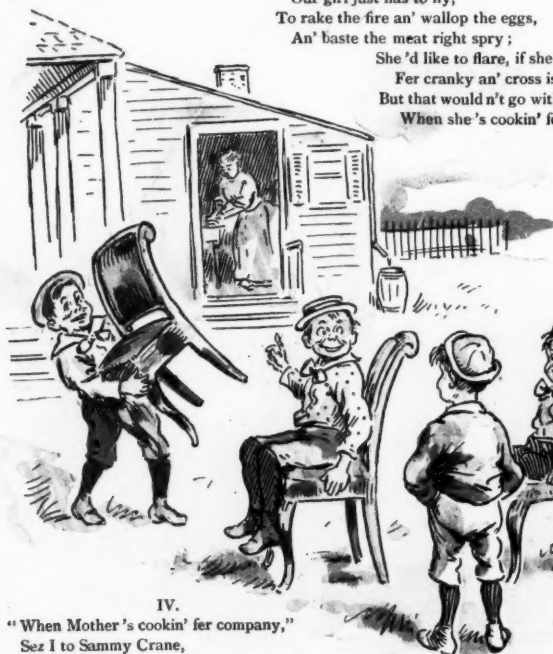


II.  
When Mother 's cookin' fer company  
Our girl just has to fly,  
To rake the fire an' wallop the eggs,  
An' baste the meat right spry ;

She 'd like to flare, if she did but dare,  
Fer cranky an' cross is she, —  
But that would n't go with Mother, you know,  
When she 's cookin' fer company.



III.  
When Mother 's cookin' fer company  
An' Pap comes home from the store,  
He stops his whistlin' on the porch  
An' steps reel soft on the floor ;  
He eats cold vittals an' kind o' smiles,  
An' says, " Don't bother fer me, —  
I ain't pertickeler. Mother, a bit,  
When you 're cookin' fer company ! "



IV.  
" When Mother 's cookin' fer company,"  
Sez I to Sammy Crane,  
" She lets us take the parlor chairs  
To make a railroad train ;

The table covers fer Injun tents, —  
She 's good as good can be,  
But you bet we got to keep out of her way  
When she 's cookin' fer company ! "



V.  
When Mother 's cookin' fer company  
We know what 's in to bake,  
Just by smellin' — 'thout any tellin' —  
Crullers, spice beef, or cake.  
But when Mother gets on her beady dress,  
An' the minister comes to tea, —  
You 'd never know her fer the woman that were  
A-cookin' fer company !  
Kate M. Cleary.



J. Opper